

ALONE--AN AMERICAN WOMAN CROSSES WILD THIBET.

Her Baby Died from the Terrible Cold, Her Husband Was Captured by the Thibetan Brutes and After Suffering Tortures She Escaped with Her Diary from "The Great Closed Land."



MRS. RIJNHART.



A GROUP OF THIBETAN BRIGANDS.



A ROBBER CAMP.



NATIVE RAFT OF INFLATED SHEEP SKINS.



WHERE THEY STARTED FROM.

AN FRANCISCO, Feb. 20.—Lucie Rijnhart, a beautiful American woman, has penetrated the fastnesses of Thibet. "The Great Closed Land," before whose rocks and snows and savage dwellers the explorer Rockhill and his brave band fled in terror.

She lived for three months in a land where missionaries are murdered or driven out at sight. She has reached the farthest point in the Thibetan wilds ever trod by man, but she has paid a terrible price for her honors.

In the white wastes near the village of Ngachuka her baby lies buried. He died of hunger and cold.

Her husband was captured by Thibetan robbers. Whether they killed him for sport or whether they are torturing him every day for greater sport she does not know.

And because she does not know, Lucie Rijnhart's beautiful face has become furrowed and her bonny brown hair white.

"I believe that angels with flaming swords are guarding Thibet, as Eden was guarded in days of old," she says. "God has not raised the injunction 'Thou shalt not enter here' from that land of rocks and snow."

Lucie Rijnhart has written from the Chinese village of Tachienlu to the British Minister, asking that a relief expedition be sent to Thibet in aid of her husband, or to bring back his body. It is because the Thibetans fear Great Britain more than any power in the world that she invoked the aid of the British Minister. She wrote the Dutch Minister, because her husband was a subject of Belgium's crown.

She cannot lead an expedition back into

the Thibetan forests, even though it be to find the husband she loved. She is too broken in mind and body for that. "I am coming home," she writes. "Home" to Thibet.

Lucie Rijnhart is a little French Canadian girl, the daughter of a French Canadian settler in the States and fringed by the mighty forests of Manitoba. It is three days' ride from the old trading post, Northville.

Last summer she set forth happily on the journey to "The Great Closed Land." Her husband and infant son were with her. She sang as she rode through the forest. "Her heart was young." Next month she will ride back through the forests. She will come alone. She will be weeping instead of singing. For now her "heart is old."

Peter Rijnhart was a Belgian explorer and missionary. He had the zeal of a Columbus and the faith of a Marquette. Because he wanted to be untrammelled by any instructions from society or church he refused aid from any mission board. He tarried in Manitoba for a few months. The golden gossips of the little farming community said that Lucie Conde's brown eyes were the magnet that held the restless wanderer. They declared his heart had been snared in the meshes of her chestnut curls.

Peter Rijnhart and Lucie Conde were married. They lived in a little cottage on the edge of the forest. The roving spirit of the half-scholar, half-missionary slept. After the little son, Pierre, was born, it awoke.

"Now, let us go to 'The Great Closed Land,' Lucie," he said.

And Lucie answered gently, "When the boy is bigger."

They waited until Pierre was a sturdy young man of one year. Then they took the long forest ride, and the train to Vancouver, and the steamer across the lazy Pacific, and a queer, flat little boat, among the hundreds of queer, flat little boats, up the river that crosses China and threads its way among the mountain walls of Thibet.

They outfit with a modest caravan—three servants, nine horses and a watchdog. There was not much to awaken the cupidity of strolling bands of Thibetan robbers.

Perhaps the poor caravan might have passed without challenge, but every morning before they mounted their horses Peter Rijnhart knelt with his face toward the sun and prayed. Sometimes there was an unbidden guest at these prayers. A yellow face, lit by slant, black eyes, peered around a ledge of rock. The owner noticed the strange attitude and heard the strange words.

He frowned. The next morning other faces like his peered around the rocks, and cats as hostile as his heard the prayers to the strange god. There were frowns, too, on these faces.

Little Pierre was a sturdy babe, used to the Canadian snows. But the wind that blew over the snows of the Thibetan forests was as chill and deadly as the air from a lung closed tomb. He breathed it and sickened. One day in September he died, and they buried him in a frozen drift under a great tree whose branches seemed to meet the sky.

Peter and Lucie Rijnhart were quieter after that. They sang fewer hymns as they rode along the mountain streams. If they were quite sure the horses' hoofbeats would hide the sound they sighed. That was a lonely grave of Baby Pierre's in the frozen snow drift under the great tree whose branches reached the sky.

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LONDON'S CEMETERY FOR PET DOGS, CATS AND CANARY BIRDS.



Photograph of London's Hyde Park Cemetery for Dogs, Cats and Canaries.

AMONG the many curiosities of London unknown to the average visitor is a cemetery for dogs of the wealthy. It is situated in a corner of the most fashionable resort in the world—Hyde Park—where a corner has been set aside for the purpose, in the rear of a keeper's cottage.

Besides dogs, there are not a few pet cats and canaries buried there, and their graves are tenderly cared for.

The cemetery is carefully and neatly kept. The graves are all marked by miniature monuments and headstones, and not infrequently they are decorated with fresh flowers or wreaths. The epitaphs are, of them, curious, while some are pathetic, revealing as they do the love of some little girl, or even that of a woman, for her faithful pet. The dogs' names, of course, appear, but seldom, if ever, are the names of the owners given. The custodian of this tiny cemetery, however, knows who they are, but nothing will induce him to reveal their identity.

Rats As a Cure for Baldness.

Now it has been discovered that rats may be useful to man as a cure for baldness. This is on the authority of the British Medical Journal, which prints a letter from a Chinese doctor, who offers to prevent hair from falling out.

He says: "What a carrot is to a horse's tail a rat is to the human hair. Neither fact can be explained, but every horseman knows that a regimen of carrots will make his stud smooth and lustrous as velvet, and the Chinese, especially the women, know that rats used as food stop the falling out of hair and make the locks soft, silky and beautiful. I have seen it tried many times."

Sept. 21—Suddenly a shot falls near us and the two boys run to get the horses, when one of them is shot through the upper arm. They all run into the shelter of the cliff. I run out to see whence the shooting comes, and, looking up, see three men hiding behind a cliff.

A flash warns me to bend down, and I do so. Just at this moment a bullet whizzes past my head. Several shots

QUEER PEOPLE WHO LIVE UNDERGROUND

IN Europe there are thousands of people who live underground. Rarely do they see the light of day, feel the warmth of sunshine or hear the singing of birds. They are like the cave men of old.

In the limestone and chalk and limestone districts of France a large portion of the population live under the surface. In the Department of Maine et Loire, and in a portion of Vienne, whole villages are underground.

S. Barling Gould, the English novelist, has made a study of these queer villages. "I visited one near Les Eyzies, on the Vézère," he says, "where the father and mother were both ill in bed with influenza in separate beds. The canopies were crooked up to the rock overhead. The windows were without glass, mere openings in the one wall that closed the face of the cave. By the side of the man's bed was a deep descent of forty feet, where antiquaries had burrowed in search of the deposits of prehistoric man."

To this habitation there was no chimney. The smoke curled out at the dog or window. For floor it had the earth, and after a meal the bones and skin were cast on the ground to be trodden in, so was dropped and went in likewise, so that a slice out of the soil for forty feet revealed the successive ages of man from the reindeer hunter of the first period, who had no pottery, no domestic animals, who knew nothing about weaving or tillage, up through the several sequences to the discovery of bronze, then of iron, then to Roman coins, then to those of the French monarchy to the last sons with La République Française on it.

"At no great distance from this habitation is a whole village that may be said to be underground. The rocks overhang and make an immense cave, and peasants have walled up the face of this cave and pierced the wall with windows and doors, and have also put lateral partitions so as to divide the one cave into a great many dwelling houses. High up in the face of the cliff above them is an opening, and within this a large chamber scooped out of the rock. This is only to be reached by an enormously long ladder from below or by being let down by a rope from above."

outline of the tent. For three days I have waited for him to come back, but he does not. He must have been killed by the wicked tent-peoples, or perhaps the same robbers who drove away our horses.

Lucie Rijnhart pressed on the journey alone. On November 1 she reached the Chinese town where they had started. From that town, Tachienlu, she wrote to her countryman, G. H. Bondfield, of Shanghai, and to the British and Dutch Ministers.

The young-old woman, with white hair and sorrowful eyes, writes with the simple eloquence of a great grief. She enclosed her husband's diary. The book on "How I Penetrated Farther Into Thibet Than Foot of Man Has Trod" will probably never be written.

"I have made this long journey alone with God."

"When the robbers came we lost everything, even my surgical instruments. I arrived here with just enough silver to pay for this telegram. Praise God, I reached here safely. I passed through places where Rockhill had great difficulty."

"But God cares for His little ones. Once, while I was riding along the lonely road overhung with cliffs, five men sprang out from behind a rock. One held a sword over my head and demanded my horse. I just called to God and looked at the man and he went and joined his five companions. God had delivered me from him. I shall rest here awhile and wait for quiet on the river. Then I shall leave for the coast and then go to America."

"My heart is wrung by thought of what my dear husband is enduring or may have endured. God rest his soul. If he is dead, I would almost rather believe him dead than living and in the hands of those savage yellow men. I am afraid Thibet will always remain 'The Great Closed Land.' Only God in His infinite power can open the gates. He has revealed to me in my sufferings that the time is not yet."

"I believe that angels with flaming swords are guarding Thibet as Eden was guarded in days of old. God has not lifted the injunction 'Thou shalt not enter' from that land of rocks and snow."

"We sometimes mistake the promptings of personal inclination for the whisperings of the Spirit and think that the desire for adventure is the voice of God. He has punished me surely for this mistake, even to taking my baby from my arms and burying it in the unending snows. He has permitted my husband to be murdered, or, at least, imprisoned and tortured by Thibetan robbers. It is a fearful punishment, but His will be done. Yours in much suffering."

"LUCIE RIJNHART"

She journeyed alone through the howling virgin forests which frightened the brave Rockhill. "I travelled alone with God," she says.

But she left her husband, her child, her youth and her happiness in "The Great Closed Land."